THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

FATHER SWEENEY is the editor of *The African Frontier,* published by the Society of African Missions in America, and one of the pioneers of the Society's novitiate, begun in Silver Spring, Md., last year. Before coming to America, he was a missionary in the *Bini bush!*

* * * * *

CATCHING THE SPIRIT of challenge in the *Pastoral* issued by the American Hierarchy in their reply to the encyclical, *Sertum Laetitiae,* of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, the students of Marygrove College in Detroit collaborated in collecting a series of papers on *The Guilds—Medieval and Modern.* Miss McEntee worked in the field of the Medical Guilds, and presents an interesting outline of medical training and organization of once upon a time.

* * * * *

IN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS you will enjoy wandering through the Patna Hospital grounds. Sister Virginia included a sketch of the compound with her account of the "progress."

* * * * *

IN THESE DAYS of paved streets and broad highways, we seldom think of mud except, perhaps, a little wistfully as the magic ingredient of those absorbing pies that children make, but in India! Sister Pauline has something to say about the "mud situation" in Pindi!

* * * * *

ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the *Lots for Little Thrift Shop* in New York, we ask all our friends to join in our good wishes—and our gratitude. Much can be done when one knows how to utilize "The Power of Little."

* * * * *

SISTER VINCENT has had an elephant ride. But she would still like to know: When an elephant eats a mango, does he taste it? Or does it travel "Express"?

Is It Worthwhile?

This month three Medical Missionaries will leave the Motherhouse to take up their assignments in India. These departures of missionaries for the mission fields usually bring in their wake an almost inevitable question, asked by someone who has read the announcement, who has seen, perhaps, a picture, and who is puzzled by the prospect of men and women who give up comforts which are at hand to endure labors and hardships in a foreign land: Is it worthwhile?

Five decades ago, no missionary had set foot in the valley of Kashmir. Forty-seven years ago, Monsignor Winkley, who built our hospital in Rawalpindi, offered the first Mass in that earthly paradise of Asia. Some twenty-eight years ago, a young missionary was assigned a lonely mission station there, with not even one Catholic to answer or attend his daily Mass. For twelve years he labored alone—taught school, planted fruit trees with the purpose of providing a future income, and learned the language thoroughly. In twelve years he baptized two people. One was a cretin, the other a dying man.

After twelve years he invited the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary to help him in his labors. The Sisters went into villages with medicines and good advice, ventured to the bedsides of the cholera-stricken, and soon the people flocked to them with full trust and confidence. Thus a dispensary originated spontaneously. Daily many were helped and relieved of pain. The second year the patients increased—women coming in contact with women made a great difference. Slowly orphans also knocked at the door, so that after two or three years quite a family had gathered. A new church was built, and Easter ceremonies as I witnessed them—sixteen years ago, it is now—could not have been more impressive in any Cathedral. Even the washing of the feet was observed, as there were enough orphan boys to represent the Apostles!

Two different pictures—fifty years ago, no trace of Christianity; today, the Holy Sacrifice offered every day, a high school for boys conducted on Christian principles, a dispensary open for all without distinction, orphans sheltered and fed and brought up as Catholics. It is the result of God's blessing on missionaries who labored and persevered against odds in an apparently hopeless country.

In the Orient today there are millions of human beings who are strangers to us, who profess a different religion, many of whom are suffering and lying helpless and voiceless. There are young mothers, mortally wounded by well-meaning but barbarous ancient methods of treatment and lack of attention—and that even in countries such as India where motherhood is the highest ideal. Little children are left to suffer and die unnecessarily on account of ignorance and superstitious practices. Fevers, such as malaria, are so common that the loss of labor and income is a great economic problem and not only causes much suffering to the victim but to his whole family. There are thousands who die of cholera, plague, sleeping-sickness, kalaazar, tuberculosis, etc., every year. There are the blind, the cripples, the incurables, the insane and the lepers.

All these are so many wounded by the roadside, stripped of happiness and usually unable to call out for assistance. In order to act like the Good Samaritan, whom Our Lord gave as example, we must stoop down and see and examine, and pour in the oil and wine of mercy and generosity and make arrangements not only for momentary relief, but for "seeing the case through," even at the cost of personal fatigue and expense. The Samaritan had to walk, and pay for the wounded stranger at the Inn. The innkeeper is also to be admired for not refusing to harbor a troublesome guest.

When Our Lord asked the lawyer, who in his opinion was neighbor to him who fell among robbers, the lawyer made no hesitation in answering: "He who showed mercy to him." And as the commandment is: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," the reason and obligation for Medical Missions, as for all other works of mercy from the beginning of time to the end, is explained. The parable of the Good Samaritan teaches charity and mercy without alluding to conversion.

Medical Mission work is primarily and fundamentally *charity done for the love of God and our neighbor in obedience to His command.* In the natural course of events, in the process of conversion the person concerned must come into contact with our religion either through teaching, conversation, reading or example. It is a knowledge which usually comes in fragments, that convince or penetrate more or less deeply. Suppose a pagan chances to be the object of an act or acts of charity. Is it not reasonable to suppose that such charity convinces him that there is something good in the religion which incites it, and that he becomes a little less prejudiced against, and open to learn more about, that religion?

Works of charity are not the whole of our religion—but they are an inseparable part of it.—*Anna Dengel.*

Outward Bound

Our 1940 Mission Band

On October 5, the three Medical Missionaries who comprise the 1940 mission band, will leave the Motherhouse in Philadelphia to begin their journey to India: Dr. Leonie Tummers, Dr. Elise Wijnen and Sister M. Peter. And a long, long journey it will be.

Dr. Elise Wijnen

The Sisters will leave New York harbor at midnight of the 5th aboard the S.S. *City of Benares,* whose route has been charted in accordance with world conditions. Instead of the usual trip from New York to London, and thence to India *via* Gibralter and the Suez Canal, the outbound missionaries will travel *via* Capetown to Bombay—a trip that is scheduled to take forty days.

Both of the Doctors are from Holland. Dr. Tummers took her premedical work at Trinity College in Washington and then entered George Washington University Medical School in the same city, from which she was graduated in 1938. After a year of interneship at St. Joseph's Hospital in Baltimore, Md., Doctor Tummers remained at the hospital for a second year as assistant surgical resident, completing her term on July 1 of this year. She has been assigned to the new hospital in Patna, India.

Doctor Wijnen has been assigned to Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, where she will assist Dr. Helen Lalinsky. Doctor Wijnen, who comes from Boarn, Holland, had completed her premedical and part of her medical studies before entering the Society, and after her novitiate enrolled at Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, from which she was graduated in 1938. Her interneship of two years was served at Philadelphia General Hospital. She also finished on July 1 of this year.

Dr. Leonie Tummers

Sister M. Peter, whose home is in New Haven, Conn., is a "non-medical" member of the departure group. She has been stationed at the Washington House of Studies. Sister Peter also has been assigned to Rawalpindi.

On the eve of the departure, the "Departure Ceremony" will be held to wish the missionaries an official "Godspeed" on their journey, and a blessing on their work to come. A few friends of the members of the band will gather with the community in the Motherhouse Chapel, where the Sisters will renew their "Mission oath." Then on the morrow, *Brendan,* our Motherhouse Bell which has so faithfully rung out the *Angelus* this past year, will ring for the first time to announce the departure of a mission band—the first missionaries to leave from the Philadelphia house!

For the next month our Sisters will be on the high seas. There will be a special remembrance of "the travelers" in our community prayers during this time. May we not ask you to join with us in our petition that our Mission Band may have a safe journey—and a full apostolate!

Sister M. Peter

Day By Day In India

We keep really busy for this time of the year. We had a full hospital last night, and the dispensary numbers remain high. It is much warmer now; that means the numbers will be fewer until the monsoon breaks, which will be about a month from now, if the weather reports can be trusted. It is interesting to watch the announcements and see how the monsoon comes up from Ceylon and Colombo.

It has been very hot, but a shower today cooled things off a bit—the temperature went from 116° to 77° in less than twenty-four hours!

Last Sunday we had a caesarian operation, and the patient is doing splendidly. She measures 4′ 3″; her husband is paralyzed from the hips down and must be carried. The baby is a boy—not exactly what one might call a pretty child, but a real boy, nonetheless. Some of the women in the wards are quite envious.

Classes have come to an end for the season with so many on holidays—that is, the classes in theory. But we are swamped with practice. There is bandaging every other day, and anyone with nothing to do has a standing invitation.

We are having the nicest cherries this year that we have ever had. The peaches are gone, but apricots are now in season—also, plums, mangoes, melons and *leechees*—Bengali fruit that looks like a prickly pear. . . . There is a circus in Company Bagh, but we shall hear the music only. Just now the six-year-old child of one of the patients told me all about it in Punjabi—it was quite a treat!

SISTER MARGARET MARY,
Rawalpindi.

* * *

Everyone is fine here in Pindi. I suppose you know that Sister Mary Vianney, a Holy Cross Sister from the Toomiliah mission in Bengal, has enrolled at the hospital. The Bengali Sisters were more than glad to see her—upon her arrival they sang a song of greeting and placed a garland of flowers around her neck. She speaks Bengali very well, and was able to tell them all the news from their "home."

The two Bengali Sisters who were graduated from the hospital some time ago are doing very well in Bengal. They have a dispensary, and also go out into the homes and do maternity work. Six native sisters from Ajmer also have completed their training and have returned to Ajmer, where they are taking their midwifery course at a hospital near their convent. They were very good nurses, and we miss them.

SISTER M. JUDE, Pindi.

* * *

A woman was telling me today about her life as a widow. She is the mother of seven children. Her husband died thirty-seven years ago; since that time she has kept the rule for widows, eating only once a day, wearing a plain white sari, never wearing jewelry as the other women do. "But," she said, "it is God's will, and He knows what is best. I cannot understand His mind, and if I do not tell any lies, He can see all—He will be kind to me, forgiving me any faults."

These people's sense of dependence on a Higher Being, and of the necessity of doing His will, with their submission to mortifications in food, etc., would surely be an asset to them if they received the grace of conversion.

SISTER M. CECILIA, Dacca.

* * *

You would love Patna, especially at this time of the year. Every time I see a nice spot with trees and no houses around, I think, first of all, of what a nice site it would be for a hospital! The cold is gone, and it has not turned real hot as yet. Here we are surrounded with beautiful trees, and all the gardens are masses of color. Roses, sweet peas, and dahlias vie with one another to see which can boast the richest blossoms. The Ganges is really beautiful, stretching from east to west—a wide stripe of greenish blue. God was certainly a generous and loving Father when He made this world for us to live in.

SISTER M. VIRGINIA, Patna.

"Why go to the Orient?" asked one of my train companions. I had been looking out the window of the train bringing us to San Francisco, and I felt that there was an answer to the question in the evidences of nature all about us.

The trees that we saw on the hillside and in the valleys do not keep their vitality to themselves but seek to spread it in every direction. They give man fruit to eat, oxygen to breathe, wood for kindling. Like true missioners they spread what God has given them; they seek to show the world the perfection of God. And not only the trees, but all nature is assembled in harmony. The elements are joined in one communion like to the Communion of Saints in the Church. The sun sends life-giving rays to the plants; the plants give flowers to men. The wind carries the seed of the plant for miles, and soon a new series of plants grow where previously they did not exist.

If the trees, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea share their life, why should not we, too, strive to diffuse the divine life? And should one bring forth the objection that we could do better work at home, we answer that one way to do good work at home is to go abroad. Christ's Incarnation did not harm the life of the Trinity; Paul's excursions over the face of Asia and Europe did not harm the life of the Church of Jerusalem; nor will any missioner's departure lessen the effect of the Church at home.—*Maryknoll*, September, 1940.

Medieval Medical Guilds*

By
CATHERINE McENTEE
Marygrove College

During the early Middle Ages there was little scientific research as we think of it today; there were few, if any, scientists. Even the science of medicine, or perhaps better, the art of healing, had not many practitioners outside the convents and monasteries, and the hospitals operated by religious men and women.

When, however, in 1163, Pope Alexander forbade the clergy to interfere with matters requiring the letting of blood,[1] an impetus was given the practice of medicine outside the confines of religious institutions. At once, the art of healing having become a profitable business, many untrained persons announced themselves as doctors, physicians, and surgeons. Of necessity, then, duly qualified physicians, to protect their profession and to safeguard the public, formed a guild modeled on the already existing trade guild.

We have historical evidence that the *Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries* was functioning actively in Florence in 1197, for the Consuls representing it were present and registered at the meeting of the anti-imperial League of Tuscan Cities.[2] In France King Louis IX established during his reign a guild which flourished until the time of the French Revolution. The *Barber-Surgeons' Guild* of London elected its first Master in the year 1308.[3] Two centuries later a similar guild was established in Spain and has continued to the present day.

It is interesting to note that all of these European guilds chose the same patrons, St. Luke, St. Cosmas, and St. Damian, all, according to tradition, physicians in their day, who understood and practiced the corporal works of mercy.

Because these guilds were formed, not solely for the personal gain of the members, but for the betterment of society, and because of their efficient organization, they were able to contribute much to the well-being of their time. They influenced and encouraged education, advanced their own profession, and sponsored and encouraged those in other walks of life.

One of the primary motives for organizing the medical guild was the number of quack doctors and unauthorized apothecaries who competed to satisfy the public with inferior service at reduced rates. One would not expect the majority of the people to place their trust in quacks, yet we find Henry VIII unsuccessful in his attempt to win the people to confidence in duly qualified doctors. He did much, nevertheless, through his personal efforts to further the importance and fame of the *Barber-Surgeons' Guild*.[4] In both England and Italy laws were passed forbidding anyone, not a guild member, to practice medicine. The guilds were able to demand the passing of these ordinances because they had the sympathy of the rulers, and because of the size and prestige of their organizations. The *Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries* is rated as one of the greater guilds of Florence, while the *Barber-Surgeons' Guild* in London was one of the most important of its time.

The seal of the physicians' guild of Florence.

In addition to furthering medical practice and safeguarding the interests of the people, the guild members aided each other. They were solemnly pledged to assist a fellow in time of need. Probably one of their most sacred and serious obligations was that of attending the funeral of a deceased brother or of any member of his family. Failure to do this was punishable by fine.

To achieve their objectives the medical guilds drew up constitutions, rules and regulations similar to those of the trade guilds. They prescribed the officers, their duties, the term of office, and the time of election, and defined and regulated the apprentice system. The *Constitutions* declared that no one could be apprenticed before attaining the age of fifteen years; that the period of apprenticeship was to be seven years; that no one could hire a second apprentice until his first one had been with him for at least four years. In this way the older doctor could devote all his attention to the training of one beginner at a time. That the medical men of the future would be worthy representatives of their profession, members were bound by the rules of the guild to register each apprentice and to report monthly on his progress. Those who did not show promise were not allowed to continue their work. Before an applicant could be accepted as an apprentice, he had to establish a reputation for honesty, morality, and mental and physical fitness.

[1] Lindsay, *A Short History of Dentistry*, p. 25.

[2] Staley, *The Guilds of Florence*, p. 237.

[3] Lambert, *Two Thousand Years of Guild Life*, p. 351.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 353-54.

* Published with permission of Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich.

That they might make certain that infractions of the rules would be rare, the writers of the constitution proclaimed stringent penalties for all offenses. The most common punishment was a fine, the amount being proportioned to the guilt. If the violator were unable to pay, his goods were confiscated by the guild and sold. For certain offenses the offender had to appear before a session of the guild to be tried and sentenced publicly. Sometimes he was forbidden to practice his profession for a determined period.

Built on this firm foundation, the medical guild worked for the betterment of the medical profession, for the science of medicine, and, in consequence, for the advantage of all men. One means to these ends was the establishment of schools of medicine. A *College of Doctors and Apothecaries* was begun in Italy in 1218, and in 1278 Taddeo founded the *Florentine School of Medicine*.[5] Many of the famous medical schools of Europe grew greatly in prestige at this time. When, later, graduation became a requisite for guild membership, the enrollment in all the medical colleges increased markedly. This interest of the guilds in education had a great influence on the liberal arts schools. Although the exact relationship between the guild and the college is not known, we do know that the latter was subordinate to the former. One statute of the guild says that "no doctor may be admitted a member of the college nor be allowed to practice, unless he has first been publicly examined by the Consuls of the Guild." This preliminary examination was again a means of assuring that only the best students became doctors.

To guarantee high standards of instruction, the guilds supervised teaching and offered suggestions. In the mid-fifteenth century when the *Barber-Surgeons' Guild* in London was given a charter, they organized a system of study; provided lectures on surgery; built a museum, a library, and a theatre for demonstrations in anatomy.

The Catholicity of the Catholic hospital is more than a chapel added to a hospital, more than a crucifix in the sick room, more than an official gowned in a religious garb, more than the presence of a chaplain who visits certain rooms. Chapel and crucifix and Sister and chaplain are all important in a Catholic hospital, they are all extrinsic notes of a life within, but even they, important as they are, are not that life itself. The externals of the Catholic religion, like the notes of the Church, bespeak a soul within that is supernatural and which finds its expression in much more than can be embodied simply in certain outward indications.

We may glory in the 25 years which have just passed because in that far off day (1639) there were Sisters (Sisters of St. Augustine) large-hearted and large-minded enough to see the importance of a hospital at the frontiers of civilization and to realize that the care of the sick is an effective agency for bringing souls, especially the souls of the aborigines, to Christ's Sacred Heart; and that the hospital can serve no less than the pulpit and the classroom, to point the way to the pathways that lead to heaven."—*Rev. Alphonse Schwitalla, S.J.*, Presidential Address to the Silver Jubilee Convention of the Catholic Hospital Convention, June, 1940.

In addition to encouraging education through the medium of the schools, several of the prominent guild members endeavored to promote medical learning in other ways. Cosimo de' Medici persuaded some of the Greeks who came to Italy after the fall of Constantinople to translate an early manuscript on the science of surgery. He also had these scholars compile a complete Florentine Pharmacopoeia. To further this work he established the Florentine laboratory of botanical science in which he devoted himself to the studies of herbs. Later a similar laboratory was founded by the Roselli family.[6]

In other fields, too, the medical guilds exercised their influence. The work of the *Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries* extended far beyond that of medicine and pharmacy. For many years the apothecaries were the only undertakers, having complete charge of all funerals from the care of the deceased person to arrangements for services and even the funeral feast. Another field with which the apothecaries were associated was that of perfumery. Since they alone had the right to sell spices and drugs, the sale of perfumes naturally fell under their domain.

Besides these professions handled by the *Greater Guild* there were many lesser guilds subordinated to it. Often they were in greatly diversified fields and had no obvious connection with the parent guild. Some of those subordinated to the *Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries* were the guilds of the hairdressers, cap makers, stationers, cutlers, quack doctors, book sellers, and tennis ball and bat makers. It is believed that the fact that most of the available books were for sale at the pharmacies drew writers, printers and copymasters to the guild. The interest of explorers is more easily explained. On each expedition apothecaries were sent along to bring back new and rare drugs and spices. This brought about a natural cooperation between the guild and the explorers.[7]

Such was the broad work of these early Medical Guilds. They helped their own members, their profession, and the world of their time. Undoubtedly they played a large part, too, in increasing the fund of medical knowledge and advancing the science of medicine.

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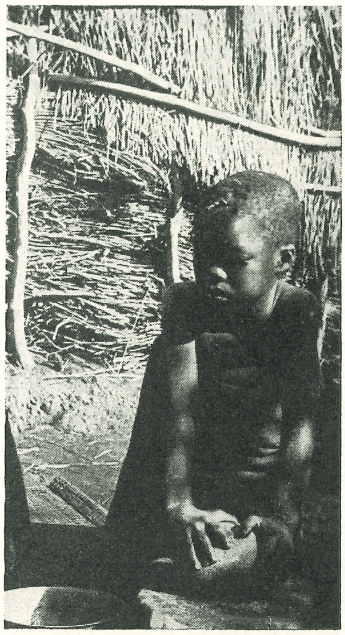
[5] Staley, *op. cit.*, p. 239.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 252.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 265.

"Omonágháre"

(This One Will Live!)

By
THE REV. J. P. SWEENEY, S.M.A.



"*Wa tie eni tue?*" I asked a bright little youngster of the Bini *bush* (forest or backwoods)—"How do they call you?"

"Omonágháre," he replied, and I tried to repeat after him: "O-mo-ná-ghá-re." I had been wrestling a few months with the language of the *Bini,* a once powerful tribe whose *Oba* or king had ruled the greater part of what is now Nigeria, West Africa, but who now occupy only a portion of the (British) Province of Benin. Up to then, none of us had really mastered the *Bini* tongue. At the time, of course, I felt I could do it. Alas, for youthful enthusiasm!

The children were my best tutors. (They were also my best friends.) They spoke more clearly, I thought, patiently repeating words and phrases and trying hard not to laugh at my frantic efforts to reproduce those terrible combinations of *KP* and *GB* sounds. There are limits to human endurance, of course, and they *would* break into uncontrollable mirth whenever I made a particularly bad slip on those elusive tonic accents which so completely alter the meaning. (Believe me, Reader, it *does* require a large amount of good-humored persistence to keep at it when, instead of a polite "thank you," you succeed in stating that you "sell kerosene," or some much worse malapropism!)

But to return to my little friend, Omonágháre. Names, local and personal, have always held an interest for me: I knew something of native African custom with regard to personal names, so strongely reminiscent of the ancient Hebrews. "*Omo*" in *Bini* meant a son, a child, one person or thing. A little further haphazard questioning elicited the fact that this "picean" with the smiling, chubby face and large dark eyes was a sole survival. His brothers and sisters before him—"they all done die," as one boy in the group informed me, "so they call him, 'Omonaghare.'" And then I began to understand something of the pathos, the parental hopes and fears, that lay behind that name, for it signified: "This one will live!"

Other common personal names among the *Bini* also portray that wonderful love of children which is a characteristic of African peoples; e.g., "Children are wealth," "Children are better than riches," etc. The greatest affliction that can befall an African couple is childlessness (but this is among uncivilized people; our enlightened world knows better—*alas*!).

Well, I was particularly interested in this pagan lad as well as in his name, and I took him back with me to the mission station to insure his getting to school. It took a good deal of "parley and palaver" with his parents, though, before they consented.

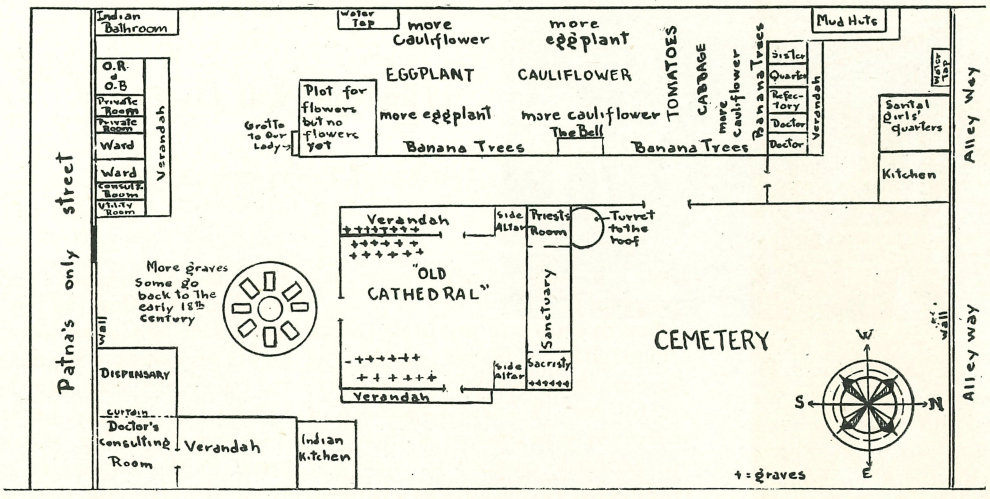
As the days and the months rolled by, he continued to give promise of realizing my fond hopes in his regard. He was easily the best in his class, and simply absorbed his catechism.

About a week before the day set for Baptism, I missed him. James, the catechist, was sent for. All he could say was that the boy's parents had taken him away secretly a few nights previously. He did not want to go, James had heard—he had cried a lot. Besides, he had gotten a scratch on his leg, and wanted to come to the mission to get iodine from "Fadda," but they would not let him. I sensed immediately the opposition of his pagan parents to his Baptism, but I was not to be put off so easily. The sun was climbing high in the heavens as the catechist and I set out on bicycles along that winding *bush* path on our twenty-odd miles' ride to the boy's village.

Instead of a defiant, inhospitable family, I found a silent, stricken group within a grass-roofed hut. When my eyes got accustomed to the darkness after the glare, I saw the reason. Poor Omonágháre lay there on a mat, convulsed with pain and evidently near the end. I didn't think of it then, but that scratch must have brought on *tetanus,* which is so prevalent in those African towns. They had actually scorched his back and the soles of his feet with live coals in vain, clumsy efforts to bring back the warmth of life. But, despite the pain, there was a quiet happiness in his eyes, I thought, as I poured the water of Baptism over his head and gave him his new name: "Joannes, ego te baptizo. . . ."

I can still see that poor, broken-hearted mother watching the last breaths of this, her last child—and indeed, my own eyes were a little misty, too. But take heart, good African mother, for this child *shall* live. He will live forever with *Omo Osa,* the Son of God, in heaven, and so, too, with God's help, will you, through the intercession of your son, John Omonágháre.

Progress In Patna



By SISTER M. VIRGINIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Pioneering is — an experience. Sister M. Laetitia is a veteran at it. It was with real anticipation that I set out from Rawalpindi to join her and begin the work in Patna. His Excellency, Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J., had placed at our disposal the "old cathedral" with its compound, and here we were to try to make real the Medical Mission dream of a hospital, a dispensary, a medical center that would radiate spokes of service throughout the vast Patna diocese.

Sister Laetitia surveyed the scene. "Well, we are beginning on nothing, as usual," was her brief comment. And then she "rolled up her sleeves" and went to work. To the best of my ability, I joined her. And now—the sketch shows our "*status qwo.*" We have a twenty-bed hospital, a daily dispensary, a total of three blankets (but the warm weather is still with us), a bedside table and stool for each bed (the product of the Jesuit Fathers' workshop), an operating table (from the same place), a mattress and pillow for each patient-to-be, and a palm at each corner of the verandah! We fairly glow with newness. The hospital is painted pale green, and our beds are shining like silver. Added to this, we have four Santal girls already in training, and they seem quite happy and satisfied.

But all this took much time—and patience. For instance, there was the painting and whitewashing. The contractor said he could have the "old cathedral" and the hospital building whitewashed in five days. Seven days later his men had finished the sanctuary and the upper part of the walls of the "cathedral." But both of us had read Kipling's ode to the man who "tried to hurry the East," and so we just sat back and tried to be patient.

Then there were the shopping expeditions. I wish I could take you for a walk through Patna bazaar. We haven't far to go to reach it, for it is at our front gate as well as on the other side of our back and side walls! It is never empty. The road—it is Patna's only street—is very narrow, and packed with *ekkas* (carts), *garis* (carriages), cars of every description. Then there are sacred bulls and holy cows, goats, sheep, horses, dogs and cats, to say nothing of thousands of Bihar's millions of men, women and children.

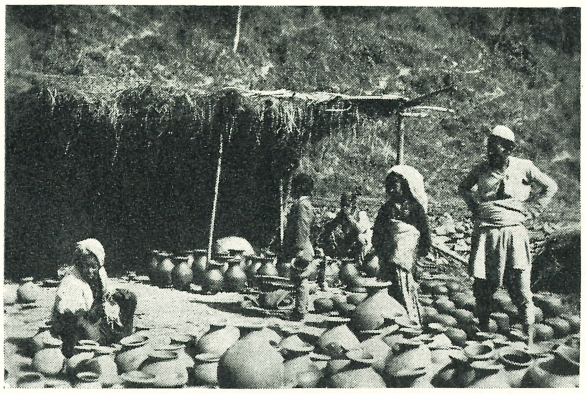
There is no such thing as stepping into a store to get out of the crowd. The stores open directly onto the street: You stand in the street and tell the "proprietor," who may be either a stout Mohammedan, or an emaciated little Hindu sitting cross-legged in front of you, just what you want.

"Twenty yards of curtain material? *Achcha* (surely)!" Forthwith bolt after bolt of lovely material is flung on the dusty floor in front of you, sometimes unwinding as it falls.

"Stop! Stop!" you cry, but the man only shrugs his shoulders and tosses down a few more bolts—just to be certain that he will not have to get up again for a while! After that, you pick out what you like and ask the price. His price for you is usually double or triple what he would ask of a countryman; sometimes you spend a half hour and more trying to persuade him to reduce it to something within reach of your pocketbook. And not seldom after all that you go away empty-handed.

While this is going on, you must keep a sharp lookout over your shoulder to make sure that no sacred bull has decided that your veil looks like a choice morsel of food, or that a goat isn't taking a foot or two off the end of your scapular. Sometimes it is even a matter of self-preservation! About a week ago, Sister and I were walking along, deep in a discussion of some of our "pioneer problems," when I looked up to see a bull just a bit to the left, head lowered and horns pointed in my direction. I gasped and jumped, but not quite far enough. He just grazed my side. However, it was evidently only a friendly tap, for he trotted off on his way at once.

And so it goes, from day to day.



More Than Potter's Clay

By
SISTER M. PAULINE, S.C.M.M., R.N.

In the time that I have been here in India, my regard for the value of mud—yes, just plain *mud!*—has undergone a radical change. It is really a most useful commodity: I doubt if the bazaars could exist without it! The candy-maker, for instance, has his large, shallow, iron pan set in a mud counter under which there is a fireplace, and the people throw their *pice* (Indian coins) on this counter as they hold out a piece of *sari* (garment which the Hindu women wear) to catch the sweets which are tossed back. The sherbet-seller likewise has a mud counter, but his is arranged in tiers to hold his stock of green glass tumblers which serve all purposes, after they have been wiped around the edges with a bit of paper. The "sherbet" is usually sugar water with a bit of flavoring added around the edge of the glass: sandalwood oil, lemon or tamarind syrup, violet essence, etc.

Further on, the butcher is seen seated on his mud platform, holding a chunk of meat between his feet as he cuts off the amount desired, and then delivering it to the purchaser over his mud counter. The fruit and vegetable shops also boast counters of mud, arranged in tiers to display the assortment on hand.

A poultice of mud is very often put on infected eyes as a "home remedy." And, of course, there are "mud baths" under the glaring hot sun for those who suffer from rheumatism.

"Contractors," too, have found uses for mud. One day we watched some workmen putting up a new house adjoining St. Francis' Dispensary: It was made of brick, but instead of using cement, the men were using just plain mud. (However, the mud does not take the place of cement! One good push and that wall would have tumbled down—so this is a note in passing, not a recommendation!) In the gardens, too, little "walls" of mud, about three or five inches high, separate plot from plot and facilitate irrigation.

The homes made of mud are most interesting. Last week two of us went on our rounds of "home visiting" near the railroad lines. About twenty homes were built adjoining one another around an open courtyard. Around these was a high wall. Both wall and homes were made of mud.

Each "home" consisted of one room which served all purposes. There was not a single window—just a doorway, over which was hung a grass or reed *chic* (sack). In one corner a single shelf about three feet long held the entire stock of family dishes—brass plates and tumblers to be used only on big occasions. Some of the mud huts were swept clean; some were very, very dirty.

Most of the cooking is done outside the room at a fireplace built of mud, or on a small clay *anghite* (tiny stove). The water is kept in a large jug, and has to be carried from a public tap, which is turned on at certain hours.

Our *munshi* (Urdu teacher) wanted to know whether it was true that in America people eat such things as crabs, shrimps, lobsters, etc. He tried to be very courteous when we answered in the affirmative, but I think, from the expression on his face, that he didn't envy us our delicacies.—*Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi.*

There were very many of these people sick with colds and fevers—sometimes whole families were ill, two or three lying on one *charpoy* (string bed) under a single coverlet. We would go into a home, and almost at once it would be filled with neighbors, coming to be treated, too: Women with babies in their arms, men carrying sick children, and then the old people—all with their troubles. There was no such thing as privacy!

A great many of them wanted their throats painted—that was really a little comical. Sister would finish with one patient, and before she could pick up another swab, the next one would have his mouth wide open, ready for attention! The babies were not so docile—most of them were screaming (not for medical attention) and had to be held by those who had brought them.

As we went from one compound to another, a regular train of youngsters followed us, some of them dressed in just a thin little *chaddar*. Some of the children only five and six years old carried babies on their hips—it was really lovely to see their solicitude in making the little ones take their medicine, or in holding them while Sister washed out eyes often filled with pus.

To come back to our "mud," I suppose clay pottery can be included too. Indian pottery is made today as it was hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and the potter still puts the same curve into his vessels and the same designs as his ancestors. Clay jugs are used for holding water—and really keep it very cool. They are of all sizes and without exception, from the biggest to the smallest, are carried on the head.

The Power of Little

By
SISTER M. FRANCIS, S.C.M.M.

"Lots for Little Thrift Shop" is the name on the weatherbeaten sign above the store at 902 Third Avenue, New York City. Sit with me here in your car outside the door for a few moments (we can't park) and let us watch the passersby.

Up and down the grimy sidewalks an endless stream of men and women, faces lined or bright with youth, hurry, hurry on their way. A young mother stops her perambulator in front of the window of 902, and while Sonny's blue eyes gaze solemnly at the big brown Teddy bear, his mother's glance lights on a heavy woolen coat just made for a young man nearing two. She hurries inside.

A girl, evidently on her way to lunch, slows her rapid stride to look wistfully at a gay string of beads. Her face mirrors her thoughts . . . it's Tuesday . . . no pay check 'til Saturday . . . there's lunch and carfare . . . and a wave at the end of the week. . . . Evidently the added item can be financed, for a few minutes later we see her come to the window with the salesgirl and point out her choice.

A middle-aged man stops to look regretfully at a row of books, he reads the titles, puffs his pipe a few times, and then slowly pulls himself away to resume his quick step.

Buyers who know from experience that they can get what they want and what their slender purses can afford, casual passersby whose eyes are caught by the window display . . . they are the customers of "Lots for Little": For a "Little" money they receive a "Lot" in value. Most precious of all, they keep their self-respect, for have they not paid for their purchase? That is truly a "Lot."

Before we leave let us take a look inside. "Lots for Little" is a long narrow store literally filled with goods of every variety, from baby blankets to false teeth, from warm winter gloves to a gossamer lace shawl. It would be hard to name a thing you could not buy.

So much you can see in a swift survey. However, to only let you look at this side would be the same as showing you the under part of a beautiful tapestry and forgetting to let you see the pattern on top.

Cradled in charity, operated for the benefit of the poor of New York City, the proceeds of "Lots for Little" likewise were from the beginning distributed semi-annually among different charitable organizations. The idea for the Thrift Shop originated with Miss Isabel Semple Scott. Having worked for a thrift shop she saw the advantage of organizing a similar store for the benefit of a charity in which she was interested—the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a religious community that devotes its efforts to the teaching of Catechism, the rehabilitation of families, and the assistance of the dying.

Miss Scott's friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. Borden, were won by the suggestion and introduced her to Mrs. Edwards H. Childs, who at that time was planning a one-day rummage sale for the benefit of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute. Hearing of the proposed venture Miss Agnes Keyes joined the group in behalf of the Medical Mission Sisters' work for the sick poor in the foreign mission fields. Barat Settlement, which cares for little children by taking them off the "sidewalks of New York," feeding them two well-balanced meals a day and teaching them Catechism, was also one of the four charities to receive help from "Lots for Little" since its beginning.

In the spring of 1930, having obtained the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes, Miss Keyes and Miss Frances Coleman signed the lease and the "Lots for Little Thrift Shop" was launched. The shop opened for business on November 3, 1930, the deferred Feast of the Holy Souls. In spite of setbacks of various kinds, "Lots for Little" prospered and during the ten years of its existence has given generous help to the charities it has sponsored.

In 1935, the McMahon Temporary Shelter, which cares for babies under three years of age whose mothers are ill in the hospital and have no one to look after them, and the St. Paul Guild, which assists financially converts who were non-Catholic ministers or nuns, were added to their list.

The goods for the shop is obtained by donation. Anything and everything is accepted at 902 Third Avenue. Anything? Yes, anything from that pair of shoes you have tired of, to your last year's hat; from the lampshade you have discarded to the dishes you no longer need. This "Anything," repaired, perhaps and cleaned, is placed on sale. *Rummage* to you, it is a *Treasure* to "Mrs. Smith," who has been wanting it but has never been able to afford the brand new article. Finally it is *Help* to the charities which receive the semi-annual check. There, at "Lots for Little Thrift Shop," little by little, the *little* coins pile up until there is a *lot*.

But all the enthusiasm and zeal of its guardians will not suffice, if there are not friends who will send them their Rummage. Send those things you have ceased to want *TODAY* to "Lots for Little," 902 Third Avenue, New York City. The "little" you send will have such a "lot" of value for eternity! There is, of course, the merit you gain by giving. Then—and who will measure its value?—there may be a pagan child who will be baptized, a convert who will be given the help he needs to be able to take the step across the Church's threshold, a dying man who will be brought back to God because you sent in an old dress or pair of gloves—a really sobering thought.

Truly from any angle it has been well named "Lots for Little."

Jottings

From Pindi Dispensary

Rani is a little sweeper girl of about eight years who used to come into St. Francis practically every morning during the summer carrying her baby brother on her hip. The baby never had a stitch on, and I seriously doubt whether he ever had had a bath since the day he was born. I decided to attempt a *conversio morum*—a conversion of manners.

"Rani," I said to her one day, "if you will give your little brother a bath every day for a week, I shall give you a dress for him." That was quite an inducement, and she really tried. I think most of the time she just held the youngster under the street hydrant for a minute or two on her way to the Dispensary, and then wiped him off with her veil—there were spots here and there where you could tell that water had touched his skin, and some days it was even a little better than others. But that was not according to contract.

At the end of the week Rani wanted to claim the dress. I resolved to be firm. "Rani," I told her, "the baby must be clean for one week—*straight.*"

One day she came in as usual and handed me the baby for inspection. As far as I could see, there wasn't any difference since the day before. I turned to her: "Are you *sure* you washed the baby today?"

There was a note of deep hurt in her voice. "But I *did!*" she protested. And then as an afterthought: "I washed him with *scented soap!*"

Then I gave up—I mean, I gave her the dress!—*Sister Alma Julia.*

Sister Pauline found a nest of rats in the garden. She called to one of the kitchen boys and asked him to kill them. With great earnestness he looked up at her: "Oh, but Sister ji! The mother and father will come back and not finding them, will weep!"

A man came in this morning who must have studied his English from a very quaint source, indeed. He informed us that his "spouse" had been here yesterday, and he wanted to make certain of the diet she was allowed. Doctor told him, among other things, that she might have a soft-boiled egg. The dialogue went as follows:

Man: "Soft, not hard?"

Doctor: "Yes, soft."

Man: "How many minutes do I cook it?"

Doctor: "Three minutes."

Man: "Then it's hard."

Doctor: "No, soft. Then it's a nice, soft egg, easily digested."

Man: "Soft, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Yes, soft."

Man (after a bit of pondering): "Doctor, could she have a fried egg?"—*Sister M. Camillus.*

One woman handed her bottle over to be filled. I found a tiny hole in the bottom, so proposed to her that we give her another. But, no!

"Keep your finger over the hole while you fill the bottle," she directed, "then cork it, turn it upside down, and I shall take it home, and so I keep it thus until I need to use it!" Ingenuity? Rather!—*Sister Ann.*

I have just finished the register for St. Francis Dispensary for the month. The numbers bear evidence that here lies a good field for work, but it requires sisters who can give the time—and much patience, too! There is such an opportunity here to become acquainted with the language and the customs of the people.—*Sister Ann.*

From America and Europe

Early this year His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, surprised us by the offer of a house at Sea Isle City, N. J., where the Sisters could get a change and rest. Needless to say, the offer was welcomed, and now at the end of the season it already has been pronounced, by unanimous consent, a great boon for mind and body. We are particularly grateful to His Excellency, Bishop Bartholomew Eustace, of Camden, N. J., for the privilege of reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and to the Augustinian Fathers for offering daily Mass in our chapel.

All but the canonical novices had their turns of two weeks on the shore of the Atlantic. The bathing and sea air, plus unanalyzed other factors, helped one and all to qualify for a B.A. (Beach Appetite), *summa cum laude.*

News has reached us from Holland that all the Sisters are safe and that progress is even possible. The small rented house in the city of Heerlen, where the Dutch foundation was started last September, was not adequate to provide for the influx of vocations. Thanks to the kindness of a friend, it was possible to rent a larger house. It is a little "castle" which had been vacant for a long time, and which offers spacious accommodation. It is situated on a hill in a very healthful location.

As soon as the Sisters had moved into their new quarters the annual retreat was begun. It was preached by the Rev. Father Tummers, O.P., the uncle of one of our sisters, Dr. Leonie Tummers. Dr. Eleanore Lippits, the Superior of the house, reports that seven new postulants were accepted, bringing the total number of candidates to thirteen.

May we ask our readers to help us to foster this important development of our Society by their prayers.

"Did You Ever Go A-Riding..."

By
SISTER M. VINCENT, S.C.M.M.

When an invitation came for Sister M. Virginia and me from the Holy Cross Sisters at Nagari to spend a weekend at their convent, we accepted on one condition: That the elephant would meet us. Sister M. Thomas had been out to the convent several weeks before and had come back full of her story of her ride on a real elephant; we had decided it was an experience we should like to share. Besides, it was a whole hour's walk from the station to the convent, which would really be too much for us in the heat, so what more natural than that the elephant should meet us? However, we were the only ones who knew of the "condition," so we could only speculate at best on whether "Tiny" (Sister Thomas had told us that that was the elephant's name) would be on hand to meet us.

The train ride from Dacca was only an hour, and we got off at Pubail. Here an old man met us, saying the Sisters had sent him, but whether he was to be our guide to the convent or to the elephant, he did not reveal. However, we went off at his heels and were feeling quite satisfied—it was our first trip here—when we met Father Monaghan, C.S.C., who asked us if we had not gotten off at the wrong station.

Sister and I looked at each other, and our hearts really sank. But it was Father who had made the mistake. He thought we were bound for Toomiliah, where the other Holy Cross Sisters are, but when we explained that our destination was Nagari, he assured us we were on the right trail, adding that it was a mighty long walk. We ventured to tell him our hope that the elephant was going to take us. And it was then we got the news we had been waiting for: Father had seen the elephant, but we would have to cross the river before we could start our ride.

We crossed the river in a tiny little boat, and found our elephant waiting for us. The Mahout was sitting practically on her head! When he caught sight of us, he ordered his mount to get down on her knees, and other man took down a little ladder so that we could climb up. There was a regular bed fixed on her back—we settled ourselves, back to back, and what a strange feeling it was when Tiny got on her feet.

At first we felt a little queer, but after a while we got used to the situation and could look around. I was in front, and told Sister Virginia everything we were coming to! We arrived at a water hole. Tiny decided she wanted a drink, so in she went, her big, heavy legs sinking down in the mud. It was funny to hear her suck up all the water in her trunk and then pour it down her throat—it sounded like a bucketful at a time going down!

We had to cross a lot of fields, and the paths were just as wide as Tiny's one foot. So she went daintily on, putting one foot in front of the other, with the result that we swayed from side to side! It was like being on an ocean liner—we were almost seasick!

We had both an advance and a rear guard, and when we came to a river that had to be crossed, one of the "guardsmen" gave our mount a great big bunch of grass—to get her mind off the water. (Coming back, she got one when she got to the other side—it was like coaxing a little child to walk.)

We were up so high, we could see over the little houses we passed, and could pick all the mangoes we wanted while passing. The Mahout picked one, and Tiny immediately put her trunk around for it. We wondered if she could really taste it, or if it went "right down" without any stops! Perhaps someone could tell us more about the habits of elephants! We did learn that this one is 100 years old (that is not a story!), and that they feed her on banana *trees*—two or three at a time—and rice. I imagine she would eat as much rice at one meal as a whole village!

We arrived safely, spent a pleasant weekend, and on Monday morning Tiny arrived at 6 a. m. to take us back to the station. And how she was bellowing! It sounded like real jungle. Apparently she did not approve of getting up so early in the morning. So the Sisters said they would pray that we would arrive safely, as sometimes she gets contrary and won't move, while at other times she races off, and they cannot make her stop! (She did not misbehave, and our trip to the station was without mishap.)

The Holy Cross Sisters have an orphanage and a day school both at Nagari and Toomiliah, each with 200 day scholars. It is very interesting to see the work the children do—drawing, clay modeling, knitting and beautiful sewing. They also sing very nicely. At the Mass on Sunday, all the congregation would not fit into the big church. There are thirteen villages in that parish, and everything is very well organized. Sisters M. Charlita, Aloise and Rose Monica are stationed at Nagari, and the school is a real credit to them!

The Catholic Hospital

The religious objective of the Catholic hospital must be detectable in every department and in every fraction of the department's activity. It is the unifying, the integrating, the only truly significant feature of the Catholic hospital. For this reason, even the principles of administration of a Catholic hospital as well as the details of administration must necessarily be different in a Catholic hospital than they are in a non-Catholic institution. Hospital administration thus achieves a new significance as applied to a Catholic institution. We may go so far as to say that if a Catholic hospital fails to maintain a high degree of excellence of hospital service, it fails only partially, but if it fails in the smallest part to achieve its Catholic significance in any detail, it fails totally. Not that the faith and Catholicity can ever be taken as excuse for inadequacy in services, slovenliness in management, lethargy or indifference in public relations, carelessness in medical care. Any institution which so uses its Catholicity is not truly Catholic, for every institution that is truly Catholic will recognize its work to be the work of Christ; and no work can be worthy of Christ unless it is performed with the expenditure of every ounce of energy, every fraction of self-restraint, every iota of dignity, every minutia of perfect attention. This is what we demand of a Catholic hospital to be truly Catholic.

But we demand even more, if it is possible to give more. We demand that all of this should be given not on the basis of a temporary service but in perpetuity, at least through the lifetime of every single person who works in a Catholic hospital as a religious. All of this must be given through the voluntary dedication of the vows of religion to insure that unshakable stability, that unendangered permanency and that unrelenting persistence in the pursuit of the highest excellence which is possible to the human being only through the abundance of grace that flows into the heart and soul of the Religious Sister by reason of her permanent dedication. It is conceivable that there should be Catholic hospitals that are conducted by lay persons, but the pattern of the Catholic hospital in our two countries has been one in which the ideals of Catholicity find their deepest and highest, their most idealistic but for that very reason, their most realistic, expression. But even this is not all, if more could be asked.

And that more is personal sanctification of each individual religious, Sister and Brother, who is working in the Catholic hospital field. After all, mediocre sanctity is not only possible but actual even within the state of the religious life. The religious life is an official position not incompatible with all those human weaknesses that are common to all of us. It is intended that religious dedication through the vows should lead men to perfection. It is the obligation of religious to strive for perfection but the achievement of that sanctity in the hospital, through the hospital and for the better service of the hospital—that is the highest demand which the Catholicity of the Catholic hospital makes upon each individual worker within its walls. The intimate union with Christ through the continuous increases in sanctifying grace, in the use of actual graces, is fostered by the very work of the hospital. Each patient is another Christ and to each patient, each of us Religious is another Christ. We personify Christ. We have Christ in His Eucharistic Person, under our roofs. We have other Christs whom we nurse and tenderly care for on all sides of us demanding our constant attention. If under these circumstances, we cannot maintain that close union which leads us to the very heights of sanctity, under what other conditions of life would sanctity be possible? And what is even more helpful, we have these other Christs about us in their most appealing and most charming and most helpless guise: the Christ of Bethlehem in our nurseries; the Mother of Christ in our maternity wards, the Foster Father of Christ in our general wards; the thorn-crowned, the scourged, the crucified, the dying Christ in every single sufferer to whom it is our privilege to administer the service which through our faith becomes a religious worship....

—*Rev. Alphonse Schwitalla, S.J., address to Catholic Hospital Convention,* 1940.

OCTOBER 24

Feast of St. Raphael

St. Raphael is one of the seven spirits who always stand before the Lord and offer Him the incense of their adoration and that of men. His name, translated from the Hebrew, means "God heals." God sent him to cure Tobias as He sent the Angel who moved the water in the poor called Probatica.

"May the angel Raphael, physician of our salvation, help us from the heights of heaven, heal all diseases and guide our faltering steps towards the true life" (hymn at Lauds).

The Mission Clipper

"DOMINE, UT VIDEAM!"

October is a month of color. Once one has left the busyness of tall buildings and crowded streets for the open road, the pageant is free to all—orange, yellow, gold, scarlet. And yet not everyone can enjoy the gorgeous panorama—there are, for instance, the blind, who cannot see.

The census of 1931 gave the number of blind persons in India and Burma as 601,370, or 172 per 100,000 of the population. Census returns tend to understatement of physical defects, especially in India, where *purdah* influences would be opposed to the notification of blindness in girls of marriageable age. From a survey made of villages a few years ago, it would appear that there are about two million blind people in India. The problem of prevention of blindness in India is a most pressing one. Although no exact figures are available as to causation, it is indisputable that a great part of India's blindness is due to infantile ophthalmia, to neglect of simple eye diseases in children, to the application of irritant remedies, to smallpox, and to trachoma, all of which are preventable or at least remediable by proper treatment.

The Bengal Association for the Prevention of Blindness has worked out a basis for a campaign with regard to the prevention of blindness in India.—*Indian Medical Gazette.*

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS—?"

One of the most learned and observant physicians of the East India Company in the seventeenth century was John Fryer, M.D., who after his return to England published a book on India and Persia. He visited the big monasteries of the Paulistines at Goa and described his visit: "The forepart of their vespers to the 'Natal' (the time before vespers of Christmas) I spent at the King's Hospital, where their care for the sick is commendable, a handsome apothecary's shop furnishing them with medicines. The physicians are great bleeders, hardly leaving enough to feed the currents for circulation, of which cruelty some complain invidiously after recovery."

We Catholics who must be in the world have to strive constantly lest we be of it, too. We must live by Faith. At a time when millions of men are organized to risk death for earthly possessions, we must remember that our spiritual warfare is immeasurably more urgent and more important than every other struggle, no matter how lawful. And from those who go out to dreadful battle in the skies and on the land, on the sea and under the sea, we can learn to be valiant in Christ's cause, which justifies the utmost daring and merits the most complete generosity. Human nature is once more showing itself capable of heroism. It would be sad if the heroic possibilities, present in countless plain people, were not to be developed for the missionary service of Our Divine Lord.—*The Far East*, September, 1940.

. . . The basis of the attitude of the physician and the hospital administrator to the patient is less his economic status than his need. Nevertheless, it must be emphasized in season and out of season that the care of the indigent in any hospital, Catholic or non-Catholic, has a pronounced and a salutary effect upon the policies, the spirit of the administration and the effectiveness of the whole institution. In a Catholic hospital, it must be insisted, the care of the indigent is a condition *sine qua non* for carrying out the purposes of the Catholic hospital.

His descriptions of (1) methods of treatment, (2) knowledge of medical science, and (3) of various tropical diseases and the legends attached to them are very interesting.

"They pretend to understand the pulse, but the urine they will not look on. Midwifery is in esteem among the rich and lazy only; the poorer, at their labors, seldom call midwives, though there are not a few who live well by that profession, known by the tufts of silk on their shoes or slippers, all other women wearing them plain."—*Indian Medical Gazette.*

RETRIBUTION

Referring to a book by Dharmendra, *Leprosy in Ancient Hindu Medicine,* the *Leprosy Review* of July, 1940, notes that "The *Sushruta Samita* of 400, B. C., refers to leprosy under the name of *Kushtha,* which is divided into seven major and eleven minor forms. One of the former, *Arunakushtha,* is characterized by loss of sensibility to touch. The disease is supposed to be hereditary and also highly contagious, and it may come as a divine retribution for killing a Brahman, a woman or a relative."

CONQUERING PAIN?

There is the old story of the cynical scientist, who scoffed at immortality because "he had dissected many bodies and had never found a soul," confronted by the quiet observer who wondered if he had "ever seen a pain." Pain is terribly real—and just as elusive. India is also on the frontier in the work of seeking to conquer it.

During the past few years a great deal of interest has been taken in the use of snake venoms in medical treatment, according to the School of Tropical Medicine in Calcutta, India. Especially the cobra venom has been extensively used in all types of pain with very good results. It is effective in the pains of nerve leprosy, various kinds of neuralgia, arthritis, sciatica, and other conditions, and in more than 50 per cent of the trials, complete relief from pain was noted. The pain disappears slowly, but the effect is lasting.—*Indian Medical Gazette.*

—The Pilot

Tic Gets His Picture Taken

By
PADDY HIMSELF

The Editor doesn't like to be disturbed when she's writing an article, and that's why I tried so desperately to catch Tic's eye when he bobbed into our office. But it's a bit difficult to catch the eye of a shadow, and before I could stop him, he had done a flying handspring and landed on both feet just beside the Editor's arm.

"Good morning," said he, brightly.

The Editor was polite. "Good morning. Did you have business this morning, Tic?"

The little fellow seemed blissfully unaware of the Editor's attitude. "Oh, but yes." He perched lightly on the edge of her desk. "It's about my picture."

"Well?" I could almost feel the pencil tapping. Tic had the grace to stop swinging his feet.

"You see, it's this way. You *did* let me have my word-picture."

"Yes."

"And the children *did* like it."

"Yes." Even Tic felt the shortness of the tone.

"But don't you think they'd like to see me really, truly as I am, now, don't you?" he was definitely pleading.

"Tic," the Editor began, "I'd be very glad to put your picture in THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY if you could give me one that—ah—displayed the proper — ah — dignity. But this wiggling, jiggling activity, this harum scarum flying about of arms and legs, this waving of coat-tails and popping of buttons—it won't do. No, it simply won't do. We must keep a certain standard of decorum."

Tic looked awed.

"If that is all, Tic—I have a lot of work to do," the Editor picked up her pencil.

Tic slid slowly to the floor. "Goodbye, then." Under his breath I heard him murmur, "decorum—decorum — ummmm. We could have been such lovely friends." He looked once more at the Editor. She cleared her throat.

"Now, mind you, Tic, that is not a refusal. I'm simply saying you must learn to cultivate a certain—ah—stability. You run along now and have your photo made, and we'll see if something can be done."

Tic ignored me completely and continued slowly toward the door. "Stability — stability. But then," there was a stubborn note of rebellion, "then it wouldn't be me. And if it isn't me——" he went out.

Two days later the Editor received a little packet from the photographers. I heard her fumbling with the wrappings, there was a silence, then a funny little snort. "Tic!" It was explosive. "TIC! Where are you?"

"Here I am," said a demure little bit of blackness, coming in with mincing steps. I gasped. The voice was familiar, but the figure! The rollicking roundness was all buttoned into a wand-like wisp. Not a strand of hair was out of place, and his ears were as docilely quiet as pond lily leaves on a summer day. His hat was primly clasped in his two hands and on his fingers—*the shadow of gloves!* The Editor took one look at him, started to say something, then grabbed the packet off the desk and held it towards him.

"Tic, what—what is this?"

Tic leaned over and scanned the paper. "Why," said he sweetly, "it's me."

"It's not." The Editor was definite. Tic looked up at her innocently.

"Oh, but it is. It's just different views—various stages of fun, you know. Now here," he daintily picked up the top picture, "is a snap of me after a nervous giggle. You see the outlines are a bit irregular. And this," he picked up the next, "has, as you will note, finely tapered edges. That is a view of a sharp laugh. There are various laughs." He fumbled through the pack. "This is really rather elegant, though a bit expensive for us, I'm afraid. It's the shadow of silvery laughter. And here," he pushed another forward, "is a snap of me in the musical trilling stage. You see that the outlines are heavier about the feet; that's because we were coming down the scale. One can get a similar effect about the head by going up the scale."

There was a queer restraint in the Editor's voice. "And may I ask what 'stage' you are in now?"

Tic droppepd his head and there was a coy note in his voice. "Just now," he said, "I'm the shadow of a shy smile—Oh!—Oh! Wait!—" for the Editor had suddenly begun to laugh, and the top button of Tic's coat popped open. At this the Editor laughed harder, and another button popped—and another—and another. Tic tried to hold his coat shut with his hands but his gloves got in the way. Off they came. The Editor kept on laughing. The harder Tic tried to hold himself in, the harder the Editor laughed and the faster the buttons popped. Faster and faster went his hands. Suddenly he stopped, gave one look at the Editor, flung out his arms

and leaped to the top of the table chanting the following song between cartwheels and handstands:

Oh now I am myself again,
and oh how good it feels,
It's great to see the buttons
pop, to swing my flying heels.
Sure, we musn't be improper—
meaning rude and things like
that,
But you can't condemn a fellow 'cause he doesn't wear a
hat!
It's quite proper to be proper,
if it's so you're meant to be,
But being properly improper
isn't wrong, it seems to me.
It is honest-injun realness that
truly makes the test—
Be good—then be yourself—
and then you'll be the happiest!

The Editor gasped rather weakly. "Get a camera, get a camera quick," she said. And we did.

DeaR FRiEndS:

ThiS Is mE—tIC—aGAiN; i aM aLMoSt wOrn oUt! It hAs bEen A vERy bUSy mONtH! FiRSt tHEre wAs tHe pICtuRe qUesTiON tO be sETtleD—dON't yOu lIKe iT? (PaDdy sAYs i'M chEekY to aSK tHaT, buT iT's nOt cHeEky tO bE hoNEsT—iT's jUsT seNSiblE, i tHInK!) AnD thEN clASseS beGaN aNd I soRt oF sUsPEct thEre wAs sOME kINd oF cAMpaIGn tO pUt mE oUT—bUT i'm AFraId iT wAS nO uSe! So dON't fOrGEt to kEep sMIliNg!

YouRs eVEr,

TIC

(P. s. PadDy iS snifFing aT mE anD In-sIn-u-At-iNg thAt I Am cONcEited! i tOLd hIM i wOUld lEaVe tHat uP tO yOU! T.)

When you ask an 8-year-old boy at home what he is going to be when he grows up, you usually know what to expect: A fireman, a doctor, a priest, perhaps a missionary. I thought I would try it out on one of my little Sikh friends in the Dispensary.

"Guzinder Singh," I asked him, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Whatever God wills," was the unexpected reply.

I was—and am—edified.—*Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi.*

In Our Library

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH, *by John J. Considine, M.M. Longmans, Green and Co., New York.* 1940. 177 *pp.* $2.00.

Father Gerard A. Donovan, Maryknoll's first missionary to meet a violent death in foreign fields, is the subject of this volume, written by one of his confreres.

In a very simple and unaffected style Father Considine unfolds the life story of "Father Jerry," as Maryknollers affectionately and familiarly called him, from his childhood days in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1904, his vocation to the foreign mission field as a member of America's foreign mission society to which he followed an elder brother, and his assignment to the foreign field in 1931.

The next six and a half years, spent as a missionary, are vividly portrayed—the earnest, zealous young priest spending and being spent willingly for the sake of the souls of his beloved flocks, first in one mission station, then in another, whither obedience would send him. The very simplicity in which Father Considine pictures the last eventful Benediction in the mission church at Hopei that autumn night in 1937 grips the reader. In spirit he travels with Maryknoll's favored son as he is taken through the fields "when the sorghum was high," up into the mountainous region, where he was kept prisoner for about four months before his captors, Manchukuo bandits, strangled him. His starved and emaciated body was found some weeks later, on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, in one of the mountain passes, and now Father Donovan rests in glory not among the natives for whom he labored but back at the Home Knoll where Maryknoll does honor to the first of her sons privileged to seal with a martyr's blood his apostolic labors.

Our young especially should read *When the Sorghum Was High,* that they may be prompted to join Christ's Foreign Legions and share in the sublime work for which Father Donovan gladly laid down his life.

ADORO TE, *by Eugene Vandeur, O.S.B. Translated from the French by Clara Rumball. Benziger Brothers, New York.* 1940. $1.75.

Readers who have previously made Dom Vandeur's acquaintance through the pages of *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,* published a few years ago, will be eager for this new book on the Blessed Eucharist. The author shows the soul as it goes on, step by step, to an ever closer union with its Eucharistic God, by faith, by hope, by love, until at last it becomes totally consumed in Him and comes to the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, Christ in the Blessed Sacrament being the force by which the soul is gently led on until it is finally assimilated in God.

Adoro Te will be helpful and useful as a preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion and will make a welcome gift for priests and sisters.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the Souls of:

Very Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.

Very Rev. Sigismund Cratz, O.F.M. Cap., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. Laurent Allard, Woonsocket, R. I.

Mother Bernard, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

Mrs. A. E. Ruby, Washington, D. C.

Mr. C. J. Nicholson, Washington, D. C.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Why not promote Medical Missions by subscribing to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY? $1.00 for 1 year; $5.00 for 6 years.

Mission Intention for the Month of October

"For the Catholic Laity in the Missions"

It is because the Holy See recognizes the important part played by the Catholic laity in the missions that the prayers of the faithful are solicited in their behalf during the month of October. For a clearer concept of their role in the plan of salvation, let us go back some 1,900 years to the day when the Apostles were gathered together at the command of the angel of the resurrection. The gospel of St. Matthew makes us an eyewitness to what transpired on that momentous occasion. "The eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And seeing Him they adored: but some doubted. And Jesus coming, spoke to them saying: 'All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' "

Even to the all-seeing Eye of the Risen Christ the frightened men who stood before Him and to whom He addressed His command, gave little promise of achievement for the Church He had come to found. However, with the vision of the omnipotent God, He perceived another, if undiscernible group, extending down from Galilee through the centuries. This would be made up of the countless millions of souls, who, living in the world, working and striving for the care of the home, the support of their families, would retain in their everyday existence a lively and loving solicitude for the work and trials of the apostles, and a willingness to cooperate with their efforts.

The *Acts of the Apostles* abound in references to the close and intimate ties which existed between the disciples and the early Christians. St. Paul states: "You also know, O Philippians, that in the beginning of the Gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but you only: For unto Thessalonica also you sent once and again for my use. Not that I seek the gift, but I seek the fruit that may abound to your account. But I have all, and abound: I am filled, having received from Epaphroditus the things you sent." (Phil. IV, 15-18.) As the Church extended beyond the limits of the Roman Empire the circle of lay help enlarged in proportion as new territories were enrolled under the banner of Christ. It was the sympathetic and practical interest of the converts which heartened apostles and missioners to teach, to toil and to suffer death itself that souls might be taught the saving doctrines of Christianity. The martyr's crown was not reserved only for the apostles and their followers in the sacred ministry. Millions of laity from the first to the twentieth century have poured forth their life's blood in defence of the Church who glories in their perseverance.

Here's an old story reversed. A Mohammedan man was waiting in the office to see me. Apparently there was some delay before I got the message, and he was kept waiting some time. At last he walked over to the desk. "Will Sister be coming soon?" he inquired. "I should like to know, as it is time for me to say my prayers."

Even within the knowledge of some of our readers there are notable examples of the ardent faith and burning charity which characterizes the laity in mission lands. When Japan reopened her ports to foreign trade and the ministers of Christ's gospel were once more allowed to enter Nippon, the seed of Christianity was found to be flourishing "without benefit of clergy." Koreans, learning through their political ambassadors of the truths of Catholicism besought that missioners be sent them. Who can doubt the sincerity of Chinese Catholics who, from the days of John of Montecorvino in the late thirteenth century down through the long eras of persecution to the Boxer rebellion and later guerilla attacks, proved that the natives of the Flowery Kingdom not only know and love their Redeemer, but gladly give their sons and daughters to His royal service. Who planted and watered the seed of Faith in India, in Indo China, in Africa? Not only the priests, brothers and sisters who brought the story of Redemption to these lands, but the laity who were indigenous to them. From Brahman to Untouchable, Indian sons and daughters have given tangible proof of the depth of their faith.

Although the foregoing may give a partial picture of Catholicism in mission lands, much more still remains to be done. We must bear in mind that the Catholic laity in those countries are outnumbered 100 or 1,000 to 1. Four million Catholics in China looms large until we recall that the total population of China is four hundred and fifty millions. The Christian laity in these countries live in the midst of the various religions indigenous to the land. In India, the iron-clad rules of caste form barriers through which there seems no entrance. The transition from paganism to Christianity is recent; the old beliefs, the ties of family, of tribe, are strong, reaching out like mighty tentacles to draw the converts back into their net. These people need strength, they need all consuming faith, a living charity and an undying hope to withstand the attacks which are launched upon them from all sides. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, fruit of the charity of a French laywoman, reechoes the appeal of Christ and His Vicar on earth, that the prayers of the entire Church during October be intensified "for the laity in mission lands."

—Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

There is no need to insist how foreign it is to the virtue of charity, which embraces God and all men, for those who belong to the Fold of Christ not to have a care for the rest who are unhappily straying without the Fold. Surely the duty of charity that binds us to God demands not only that we strive to increase with all our power the number of those who know and adore Him in spirit and in truth, but also that we bring under the rule of the most amiable Savior as many as possible in order that from day to day, "the profit in His blood" (Ps. 29, 10) may be more fruitful and that we may likewise render ourselves more acceptable to Him to Whom nothing can be more acceptable than that men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another, can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or a more signal charity than that of having them withdrawn from the darkness of superstition, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body; heaven, earth; eternity, time; *and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability shows that he esteems the gift of the faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor pagans this same gift, the most precious of all, and with this gift the others that go with it, or that are united to it.*—Pius XI, *Rerum Ecclesiae.*

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A person becomes a member of the League of Gratitude by fulfilling any of the following conditions:

1. By offering (in the case of priests) or having offered (in the case of a lay person) one Holy Mass for the intentions of our Society.
2. By saying a prayer daily for the intentions of the Society.
3. By any offering of money or goods, given in gratitude to God and for the assistance of the Society.
4. By subscribing to The Medical Missionary.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

Your "League of Gratitude" appeals to me very much, indeed. I should like to become a member, and will fulfill the conditions for membership by_____

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Sincerely yours,

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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